

# The Gotoyoman



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## A Toast

Here's to the class of 1913,  
Here's to the Juniors gay,  
Here's to our jolly classmates,  
The first in work and play.



Here's to their colors, the red and white,  
And as oft as they're unfurled,  
May the loyal hearts responsive cry,  
"The '13's against the world."



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# THE SOTOYOMAN

Vol. VIII

HEALDSBURG, CALIFORNIA, APRIL, 1912

No. 6

## LITERARY DEPARTMENT

### An Easter Message

"Oh, Mamma, there are some new people in the old house 'round the corner, and I don't think I'm going to like them a bit", exclaimed Carrie as she rushed into her home.

"But why, my dear?" absently inquired Mrs. Melbourn, and then, before her daughter had time to answer she impatiently added, "I do wish you could learn to be more quiet when you are around me. All this noise makes me nervous."

This in no wise dampended the girl's excitement. "Well, I know I shan't like them. Their names are Edith and Andrew, and they wear such plain clothes," so saying she looked complacently down to her own freshly starched ruffles.

Since her mother did not encourage any more of her confidences, Carrie rushed off, and poured her troubles into the ears of Mary Hankens, one of the maids.

"Be gone wid yer nonsense, jist becoss they aint got yer fine clothes, ye needn't think they ain't as good," adminished Mary, as she picked up the broom and went to her work singing "All Alone" in a shrill voice.

"You're a mean old thing," exploded Carrie, emphasizing her words with a stamp of her foot, "You think I ought to go with people that dress like that, but I won't, so there. The next thing you will want me to have them to my Easter party. But Mary was by this time too far gone away to hear.

The Melbourns lived in the suburbs of a large town. Their neighbors, like themselves, were wealthy people, and did their utmost to exclude from their midst the poorer class from the city. Never-the-less, a few small houses were there but were usually vacant, for the aristocrats

ostracerised the inhabitants of such from their class.

Edith and Andrew attended Carrie's school. The girls quietly excluded the former from their pleasures, but the boys received Andrew with open arms, for he proved to be of great value in their base-ball team.

Easter was near at hand and the day after was to be the day of Carrie's party and the long expected egg hunt. The invitations were all out and the new-comer had not been invited.

Carrie, dressed in her finest, was conducted to church Easter morning by Mary. Mrs. Melbourn had had another attack of the "nerves", so she had concluded that it would be too great an undertaking for her to attend.

Mr. Williams, the pastor of their fashionable church, became very eloquent and Carrie commenced to listen to what he was saying. He repeated the familiar story of the Resurrection, and then added a word of warning to the wicked. The subject upon which he laid the greatest stress, was Christ's teachings as to the way we should treat our neighbors.

His words sank deeply into the heart of proud Miss Milbourn, and a feeling of guilt crept over her, as, looking up, she beheld Edith sitting ahead of her. She remembered how meanly she had treated her unfortunate neighbor, and resolved to make amends.

As they were leaving, she spoke very sweetly to Edith and, later, when on the way home, confided her resolution to Mary, who was exceedingly pleased and immediately suggested inviting her new friend to the party.

Now, Carrie had felt very much of a christian, but she was not prepared to make such a



retribution as that. Nevertheless, she did not fly into a passion as she had previously done, but said, "I don't want her; she wouldn't be dressed nice."

"There ye go again wid yer pride. Will ye never be learnin' that it ain't the clothes that makes folks?"

Carrie said nothing but walked sullenly

homeward. That night she resolved to do as Mary advised. So early the next morning she personally delivered her invitation.

After talking a few minutes she decided that she really liked her new acquaintance. When homeward bound, she remembered with a thrill the words Mr. Williams had quoted, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."



## THE LITTLE VIOLET

In a green and beautiful garden bed,  
Some modest violets grew,  
With slender stalks and leaves of green,  
And hearts of purple hue.

When the violets in the garden bed,  
Are in their fullest bloom,  
If one goes near them, he is sure to breathe  
Their fragrance and perfume.

Even though others are tall and large,  
And many above them tower,  
Yet the little violet of purple hue,  
Is the queen of winter flowers. R. P. '13



## The Garden of Flowers

I wandered in a garden fair,  
To all the different beds,  
In one secluded spot I found  
The class '13, with nodding heads.

The jonquil bright I recognized  
As Ben, our president.  
His merry face, his happy laugh,  
And mind on study bent.

I bent above the violet blue,  
And looked into her eyes,  
And Mary, modest, serene, true,  
Smiled up in glad surprise.

In gazing at the sunflower bold,  
Who laughed in fiendish glee,  
Our classmate—noble Sandy  
I could not help but see.

The pink rose blushed and drooped her eyes  
Coquettish as could be,  
And Eva, with the changing heart,  
Smiled sweetly up at me.

I heard a yawn—'twas the four-o'clock.  
He closed his eyes in dreams,  
For Arthur S. was fast asleep,  
In spite of the sun's bright beams.

Ah! there in the shade—in stately pride,  
So saintly, so noble, and wise,  
Lolita stood, the nun of our school,  
Surely this lily we prize.

Baby blue eyes, with dainty face,  
Was sobbing as though in pain,  
"My feet are too big," is Robert's wail,  
And tears fall like April rain.

The white rose, pure, next met our view,  
It's merry smile, it's winning ways,  
Dear Ruth, light hearted, sweet, and kind,  
This gentle flower full well portrays.

The trumpet flower sang loudly forth,  
He blustered, laughed, and crowed,  
For Ora makes an awful din,  
In the quietest abode.

The shasta daisy quiet stood,  
So stately, tall, reserved,  
The mild calm face was Winifreds,  
Her praise is well deserved.

The bachelor button turned his head,  
For he is shy indeed  
Harold's aims are high, you know,  
"No woman" is his creed.

The red pink smiled a quiet smile,  
So modest is Louise,  
So gentle, quaint, yet dignified,  
So very sure to please.

The geranium stands in thoughtful pose,  
Sturdy, robust, and strong,  
'Tis Alfred the studious, generous, kind,  
The happy one all day long.

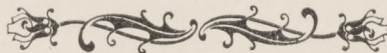
Next to the red pink, the white one stands,  
So quiet, she's hard to find,  
We all like Frieda's quiet ways,  
And wish there were more of her kind.

The pansy with his rounded face,  
Blue eyes, and dimpled cheek,  
Looked very much like Louis B.,  
If he didn't look so meek.

Everyone knows the tiger lily,  
For who's not acquainted with "Jim?"  
Impulsive, out spoken, loves a fight,  
And lectures us all with a vim.

The johnnu-jump-up, jumped and hopped,  
So wiry, slim, and tall,  
To study Alden ne'er give a thought  
A freshman employs them all.

Wandering aimlessly here and there,  
The chickweed last of our class,  
'Twas Henry C., with his pompadour,  
I recognized as I passed. E. P. '13





## Sir Roger at High School

One morning as I was enjoying my breakfast I heard Sir Roger asking if I were at home. I was very glad to see my good friend and decided to take him to visit the high school. It was a beautiful day, and as we walked along he told me that he had not slept much the night before because of a fight between the hounds. Upon reaching the high school, I introduced the old gentleman to the teachers. He told me afterwards that he could gaze at one of them all day because she reminded him of the beautiful perverse widow.

Knowing that the confusion of the study-hall might startle my good friend, I had provided him with some cotton for his ears, but he seemed loathe to use it, saying that his nerves were all right and that he wanted to hear things just as they were.

As we were going up the stairs, he remarked how innocent the janitor looked. When we reached the study hall, Sir Roger bowed to the students, who ungratefully tittered in his face. To save the old man's feelings, I hastened to explain that this was a sign of friendship. We were hardly seated when my friend nudged me. An obstreperous youth near the door tripped a smiling freshman and then snatched a hand bag from the girl behind. Sir Roger whispered in my ear, "The idle baggage, why don't he study?" I

agreed, but was glad that he did not see the same boy holding the hand of that fair senior behind him in an attempt to get a flower, lest in his amazement my friend should leave.

I was just contemplating going to visit the English class when Sir Roger muttered "Pish", and called my attention to two girls who were passing down the isle. One of them, a girl with a wooly chin, he said he had just seen receiving a note from a tall, pompadoured freshman. He also hinted that her eyebrows were dark compared to her hair. He inquired about the other, a dark complexioned girl wearing a red sweater, as to what kind of a foundation her hair was erected upon. I told him it was only the fashion and he seemed somewhat relieved, although I greatly feared he would begin commenting on the merits of his widow.

Some one laughed in the back of the room and Sir Roger stood up to behold a swarthy Dutchman, with a stiff black pompadour, flirting with a sweet little freshie girl. He was terribly shocked this time, and informed me that not one of his ancestors ever thought of getting married until they were twenty-five years of age. I began to fear that the strain on my friend's nerves was too great and so, telling him I had left a book at home and must go for it immediately, we took our leave from the school.

L. F. '13



### EASTER VANITY

Easter time has come at last,  
 With all its finery and spring hats.  
 My, what a lot to pay  
 For fashions that will pass away.  
 Birds and gardens mixed together,  
 On top of which an ostrich feather,  
 O'er shadows her handsome face  
 Where paint and powder have left their trace.  
 Her slender form in a gown sublime,  
 That rustles as the steps she climbs,  
 Attracts the attention of the beaux,  
 As to her pew she proudly goes.



## A Tender Message

In a little country village called Greenville lived two girls, Helen Burton, the daughter of a moderate farmer, and Nellie Brown, child of a wealthy financier. They had been almost inseparable companions from childhood, sharing all their secrets and pleasures with each other.

There soon came a time, when these dear friends must part, for Helen had to go away to college. So with aching hearts they bade farewell, little realizing that they were never to see each other again.

After Helen had been to college a year, she received word of her friend's death. Although she felt sorrowful at first, her mind was taken up with numerous studies and activities, so for awhile her loss was forgotten.

After graduating, a time was spent with an aunt and Helen returned home just before Easter. How good it seemed to be home, but never before did she realize what a place Nellie had taken in her daily life. She would often sit and listen for the familiar foot steps on the porch, and how hard it was to know that she was never to hear them again. There was no friend to talk with about the happy days spent at college or from whom to ask an opinion of different things.

The day before Easter, Helen went to call upon Mrs. Brown. She was shown into a dark

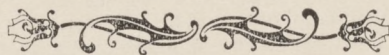
room and confronted by a woman seated in a chair with folded hands and tear-stained face.

The scene came back to her of years before, when her only beloved sister had died. How she had declared there was nothing to live for and how she had locked the piano, thinking she would never have the heart to play again, because Ruth was not there to sing.

As Helen warmly embraced the grieved mother, she felt that it was her duty to return the help that Nellie had so lovingly given when she most needed it. So, in words that only those who have had the experience in sorrow can give, she comforted the broken hearted woman. She told her how when Ruth had died, Nellie came like a guiding angel and had shown her there was still something to live for, that her duty was to put away the grief and go about with a cheerful face.

Helen then gave her the comforting letter to read that Nellie had written. When the mother had recognized the familiar handwriting, the tears fell like rain. But already Helen's skilled words had awakened her to her sense of duty and she hastily calmed herself, vowing that henceforth she would forget her trouble, and for her daughter's sake go about with a smiling face, helping others.

M. A. '13



### H. H. S. DICTIONARY

- Pretzel*—Article to cultivate the mind.
- History*—A newly established church
- Shcool Spirit*—Being absent
- Knowledge*—A germ detrimental to the head.
- Flunk*—Ready to graduate.
- Freshie*—A plaything.
- Athletics*—A dignified bunch of muscles.
- Shirt*—A man's bosom friend.
- Juniors*—A body of wise persons.
- Shorthand*—A dead language.
- Classpins*—Fight promoters
- Typewriting Room*—A playhouse.





## The Staff

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Harold Philips.....	Alumni Notes
Mary Andrews.....	Social Notes
Alfred McCutchan.....	Senate Notes
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Ora Mayes.....	Boys' Athletics
Frieda Goodwin.....	Exchanges
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Henry Chaney.....	Staff Artist
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Floyd Darby.....	Business Manager

We, the Junior class of Healdsburg High School, have undertaken to edit this issue of the Sotoyoman, as has been the custom in the preceding years. Our worthy editor and her assistants must needs have a rest before issuing the commencement number of our paper, so, possessing a large amount of "school spirit", we have been the first class to take upon ourselves this arduous task. Because of a lack of inexperience, we could not expect to do so well as the regular staff, but we have done the best within our power.

We have often received lengthy lectures on that much discussed topic "School Spirit." Now there are many forms of "School Spirit", but the one interesting me most is that which relates to our paper. The following are some rules, which it would be wise for all to heed:

1. Pay your subscription promptly.
2. Write your monthly stories cheerfully and well.
3. Become poetical, and use your talent.
4. Don't "knock" but "boost".

At last we have had our inter-class debates and are now eagerly looking forward to the finale, that will forever decide which class shall claim Dr. Kinlay's handsome loving cup. The visitors were greatly surprised at the talent shown by the representatives, but a greater surprise lies in store for them when, in the near future, the Juniors and Seniors contend for the trophy.

There is another event to which the student body and teachers are all looking forward with joyous anticipation, and that is our Easter vacation. It commences April eight and continues a week. These spring holidays are always welcome to us, as it affords a break in the monotony of school life. We will return after our frolic, greatly refreshed and ready for the steady grind to the end of the term.

Miss Larson has instituted a series of debates in the Sophomore English class every Friday. It has proven so successful that she intends to commence a contest among the Juniors.

The debating fever seems to have siezed all the scholars judging from the interest they are taking in the Lyceum and class controversies. This spirit is certainly a good one to cultivate, for it will aid the possessors in future years as it gives thtm self-confidence and the courage of their convictions. It is to be hoped that the Freshmen will also enter into the spirit of these contests and blossom into orators.



# Society

HANEY  
13

The last event on our social calendar was the "Hard Times" party given by the Sophomore class at Truitt's Theater on March 1st.

The president had announced that every one not wearing old clothes would be fined. So the costumes were certainly characteristic of hard times, with plenty of rags and tears. So well did every one take his part that an outsider would have thought that a band of tramps with their best girls had assembled to enjoy a little fun.

After the guests had all arrived, programs were handed out and the evening's enjoyment began in earnest. Dancing was the main feature, together with a few games, for the benefit of those who could not dance.

At eleven o'clock the grand march took place. There had been a great deal of talking, as to what the class would serve for refreshments, so the guests were not at all surprised when lemonade, served in tin cups, and doughnuts were passed.

After supper more dancing was enjoyed and at a late hour the party broke up. Many thanks are extended to the Sophomore class for the good time, and every one is looking forward into the future, when probably the class will give another party.

Many outsiders as well as Alumnia, were present.



The Seniors decided to give Mrs. Haigh a surprise party and what a complete surprise it was. They all met at Florence Upson's home, and went in a body to the Haigh home on West street.

When Mrs. Haigh came to the door she could only stand and look at the merry groups on the porch, but after recovering from her great surprise she invited them in.

The kind lady being equal to this as to all



occasions, soon placed tables around and a delightful time was spent in playing whist.

Mrs. Haigh, not thinking that she was soon to have another surprise, went out to prepare some refreshments. While she was gone, the president of the class placed a large silver dish, containing some fruit, on the table. This dish, engraved with her initials was a present to Mrs. Haigh for her

kindness and help rendered the Seniors in their entertainment.

After refreshments, consisting of fruit, coffee, cake and candy, were served, the remaining part of the evening was spent in singing and telling stories.

Those present besides the Senior class were: Bessie Robinson, Louis Byington, Vernon Chaney and Harold Maderia.



## The Basketball Game

### BERKELEY VS. HEALDSBURG

Sounds from the H. H. S. dressing room before the game.

"Is Mac going to play?"

"Oh, girls, they've never been beaten Never!"

"That's nothing. We'll give them their first trouncing."

"How do you know?"

"One of the Berkeliens has forgotten her middy."

"Hurrah the game is on and Loraine is going to play."

"Oh Tудie."

"Eeee Eeee Eeee Eeee"

"The floor's so slippery I can't stand up".

"There's the whistle, Oh Sid!"

After all this, with a few fond embraces, we went out determined to win or die.

### The Game

Rah! Rah! Rah! Berkeley.

Then the whistle and first of all Elsie Parrot made a field goal. The first half was not so very exciting as "time out" occurred too often but at the end the score stood 6-9 in our favor.

We all enjoyed our five minute intermission, and each player went back on the court more determined than ever to win. The second half was longer than we expected but very exciting. Berkeley girls run up a good game but Healds-

burg out-classed them. The score stood 11 to 17 in our favor, Berkeley had received her Waterloo, their first defeat.

"Bean Soup, Pea Soup, Pumpkin Pie,

Oh we love it—Healdsburg Hi"

Sounds from the H. H. S. dressing room after the game.

"I told you we'd win."

"Oh girls isn't it glorious?"

"Their first defeat too."

"I told you so."

"Oh Jim, don't give out the Programs."

"Well I won't!"

"VICTORY!"

"Isn't it glorious?"

"Well, I don't care, I have the Programs"

"Give me just one, please."

"Well, well well we beat Berkeley. all well! Well! well!"

We also expect a return game from Berkeley.

Cloverdale Manager writes for a game to be played on their court in the near future.

We are sorry to note that "Sid" Robinson our strong guard, is going to move away.

Hazel Vitousek, our touch, has been forced to leave our midst on account of illness. Her place is vacant.

Now "freshies" come out and work hard, for we cannot play with two players missing.

The Freshie was walking through the forest,  
To enjoy the day he said,  
Something terrible did happen,  
A woodpecker flew on his head.

The woodpecker pecked on his head,  
So Freshie picked up a rock,  
But the poor bird died of starvation;  
There was nothing in Freshie's "block."





# ALUMNI NOTES

The sudden and unexpectedness of the death of the late Henry Coffman '05, was received with regret by every one who knew him. The young man was a student at the State University, and it was here that he met with the cruel accident which robbed him of his life. On February 21, he was in Oakland in his machine, when he was accidentally run down by a train, near the Twenty Third St. depot. The car was completely demolished and Coffman was caught beneath the wheels of the engine. He was then unconscious and lingered several hours before dying. The funeral was held in this city Feb. 24, and was attended by his classmates from U. C. The Sotoyomon wishes to offer its most heart-felt sympathy to the bereaved relatives and friends.

Fred Young '09 has registered at U. C. He is taking an Agricultural Course.

Charles Philipps '11 visited school on the afternoon of February 26.

Dallas Wagers '08, and Derrel Wagers '02, have returned from San Francisco, and are at present engaged in business with their father.

Rachel Fisher '08, returned to her home in Berkeley, March 3. She spent the week end in Healdsburg.

Bera Mothorn '10, returned to Mills College the first of the month to resume her school work.

Grace Butler '09, the teacher of the Felta school, visited in Santa Rosa March 2.

Among those (who were) here from U. C. to attend the funeral of the late Henry Coffman were: Royal Vitousek '08, Floyd Bailey '08, Melville McDonough, '09, Homer Coolidge '09, Eddie Beesson '09, Frank McClish '09 and Clare Doran '11.

Arthur Moody '11 is engaged in farming near Geyserville.

Lewis Green '08, of San Anselmo visited in Healdsburg the first of the month.

Miss Aubrey Butler '08, was up from U. C. to spend the holidays with her parents.

Albert Simrack '11, visited in Healdsburg this month.

Miss Kathleen Swisher '10 spent the first of the month at her home in this city.

Miss Helen Meisner '11, and Miss Audrey Walters '10 were up from San Francisco Normal the first of the month.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Voelker, (nee Miss Mabel Godding '06) are entertaining a little baby daughter.

Ralph Rose '04 was up from San Francisco February 25th, to attend the funeral of his mother.

Eddie Beeson '09, injured his foot, recently and so could not partake in the recent U. C. Interclass games.

The Sonoma County Board of Education has



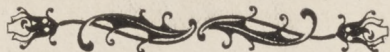
recommended that a grammar grade life diploma be granted Miss Mary Schwab '04. Miss Schwab is one of the teachers in the local grammar school.

Alfred Kruse ex '12 has resigned his position as expressman for Wells Fargo and has accepted a position as clerk in the office.

Constance Cook '08 returned to San Francisco March 3. She will follow her profession as nurse.

Marshall Lewis ex '13 made a trip to the City the first of the month.

Miss Elva Beeson '11 visited us February 23.



## Among Our Exchanges

"*Argus*"—Tulare, Cal. Your paper for December is a credit to your school and one to be proud of. If we had more exchanges like one, the exchange editor would not be so disheartened.

"*The Dragon*"—Greenfield, O. Your departments are kept up well and you have a neat appearance. Just keep up the good work and call again.

"*The High School News*,"—Berlin, Wis. You would be much improved by a table of contents and a few cuts.

"*Wah Hoo*,"—Pittsburg, Pa. There is no need to criticise you when you have an editor who recognizes your faults. Just read the editorial.

"*News*"—Eugene, Ore. You have a neat appearance, but your literary department might be improved.

"*Argus*"—Miller, So., Dak. Joshes are appreciated if some at least are original. Are your exchanges so good you can find nothing to criticise?

"*Crescent*"—Newberg Ore. Yes, we are aware that there are two extremes. In your estimation we may have reached one, but don't you think you have reached the other? No cuts and all solid reading does not look well either.

"*Dictum, Est*"—Red Bluff, Cal., Why, oh, why do you spoil the looks of your paper by placing advertisements in with the other departments?

"*Clarion*,"—Salem, Ore. You are very good. Come again.

"*Wallace World*"—Nashville, Tenn. Joshes should be placed together and not scattered throughout the paper.

"*Cloyne Magazine*,"—Newport, R. I. You are an excellent magazine. The snap-shots of Cloyne add the finishing touch.

"*Echo*,"—Santa Rosa, Cal. This is one of the best of our exchanges. Don't forget to call again.

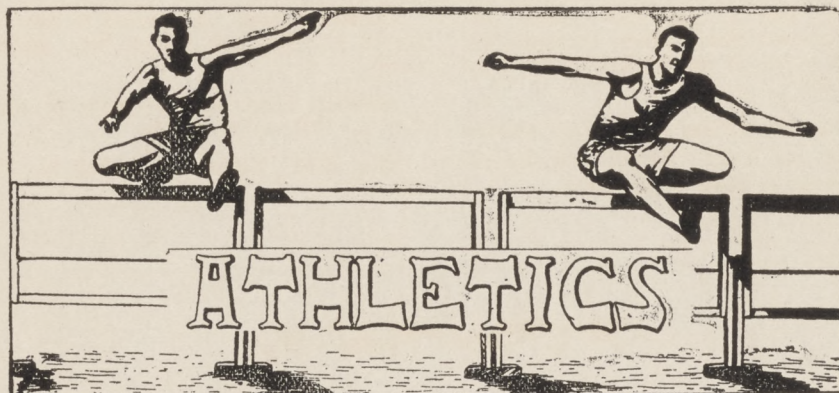
"*Upsi-Sem*"—Upsilanti, Mich. A table of contents would help the looks of your paper. Where is your exchange department?

"*Forum*"—St. Joseph, Mo. Your paper would be much improved if you would keep the advertisements together.

"*Cascade*"—Seattle, Wash. Your literary department is not as good as it should be. Don't you think a few more cuts would improve you?

"*Yahara*,"—Stoughton, Wis. We hope your story contest will improve your literary department.





The interest that is being shown in the track team is greater this year than ever before. Regardless of the unsettled weather of March, the boys are hard at work rounding into condition for the following meets:

The Academic, March 30.

The Stanford interscholastic, April 13.

The California, April 26-7.

Northwestern sub-league, May 6.

A meeting was held after the resignation of Wayland Bagley, for the election of a new track captain, which resulted in the unanimous election of Edgar Briggs, after the illustrious candidate of the Junior class had declined.

Edgar Briggs, our elongated sprinting champion, was seriously injured recently, but has almost entirely recovered.

The Freshmen have some promising material

in Rowland, Scatena, Grant, York, Warren, Kahrman and Ellidge.

Eldridge our diminutive leaping champion, is doing eleven feet in the pole vault, five feet nine inches in the high jump, and twenty-one feet in the broad jump. Byigton is showing a marked improvement in the hammer, which he is hurling a consistent one hundred and fifty feet. Bagley, Phillips and Mayes are doing about one hundred feet in the discus, while McCutchan is heaving the iron pill forty-two feet without any embarrassment at all.

The track is gradually being worked into shape for the inter-class meets. The Juniors are easy winners and will undoubtedly score a record number of points. Several dual meets have been arranged in which great interest is being shown by the athletes.

Teo had a one-cylinder Reo,  
He "chugged" it through the snow;  
And everywhere that Teo went  
The Reo was sure to go.

She—"Are you engaged to one of the Good-low twins?"

He—"No, to both."

She—"Why get engaged to both?"

He—"To avoid confusion."

Freshie—"What 'cher doin'."

Junior—"Huh! nuthin'."

Freshie—"What 'cher doin' that for?"

Seniors were born for great things,

Sophs were born for small

But it was not recorded

Why Freshies were born at all.—Ex.

Preacher—"Where are you going Pat?"

Pat—"To the horse races, yer riverance."

Preacher—"Then you are going to the bad."

Pat—"But faith, Oi've got a round-trip ticket".

C. F. '14 (In Latin II, pronouncing mihi)—  
"me high."

(At Basket Ball Game.) Jim '13—"Did I hurt you?"

Berkeley Girl—"No, no, never mind"

Jim '13—"Oh, that's right. You can't hurt solid ivory."

Miss J. (Hist III)—"Give the distinction between James and Charles."

R. P. '13—"They were brothers."

Miss J. (Hist. III) "What was the cause of the civil war?" (meaning the civil war of England.)

H. P. '13 "Firing on Fort Sumpter."





The last two meetings of the Senate have been very interesting on account of the interclass debates, which were to eliminate two of the classes from the finals. These debates were held under the auspices of the High School Senate, presided over by President Floyd Darby.

The Freshman-Junior debate came off on the twenty-first of February. The subject discussed is interesting, and one of the most vital importance to our nation, and to all nations: "Resolved that organized labor is a benefit to the laboring class." Upon this question, the Freshmen, represented by William Dennis and Laura Destruel, upheld the affirmative, and the Juniors, represented by Lewis Byington and Lolita Fluelling, the negative. The question was ably discussed by both sides, and many good points were introduced. The judges, Miss Harmon, Miss Jarmen and Professor Hinchey, after talking over the delivery and points in the arguments of the respective contestants, gave the decision in favor of the Juniors.

The following week, Friday March 1, the Sophomore-Senior debate was held. It was presided over by acting President, Weaver Bagley. The subject "Resolved that the United States should maintain a larger navy" is one most widely discussed, and it is of so much importance that no civilized nation can ignore it.

It is an institution that many consider, stands in the path of universal peace. The Sophomores, represented by Floyd Darby and Luzurne Rhine, discussed the affirmative, and the Seniors, represented by Helen Emmerich and Mary Levenduski, the negative. The arguments were so well presented by both sides, that it was very difficult for the judges, Dr. Morse, Father Barry and Rev. Walker, to decide which was the better. After some deliberation, they decided in favor of the negative.

Several of the prominent men about town were invited to attend this debate. These were Dr. Swisher, Mr. Snook, Rev. Chrysler, Rev. Johnson and Dr. Kinley.

After the conclusion of the debate Prof. Bull made a few remarks before the school, in which he expressed his gratification.

The Juniors, represented by Louis Byington and Lolita Fluelling and the Seniors, represented by Helen Emmrich and Mary Levenduski, have qualified for the finals, to be held at a later date. This debate will be held in one of the halls down town. The representatives of the class that wins this debate will receive a silver loving cup. This cup is an offering from Dr. Kinley to be given to the best debaters in the school. To him we are greatly indebted, for this is only one of the many favors he has done the school.



# SCHOOL NOTES



CHANCY 13.



Mrs. Hinchey and Master Hollis visited school one day this month. They are always welcome visitors and we hope they will call again soon.

The Misses Harmon, Studley, and Jarman were week end visitors in the city last week.

Our congenial "Sandy" has left us and is working for Wells Fargo and Co. We are always sorry to lose a school mate, especially one that has been so prominent in school life.

Mrs. Crawford of Scott Bar, Siskiyou county and Mrs. Lubbin of Alemadea were very welcome visitors among us and we trust that this will not be their last visit.

Ruth Bean '13 is only with us about half of the forenoon session as she is expecting company from Missouri and goes each morning to meet the train.

We are sorry to say that we are soon to lose the Misses Nellie and Bessie Robinson, both '14 from our midst. The girls have been with us for over a year and have made friends during their stay. They intend moving to Fruitvale.

Miss Alma Jackson from San Francisco is a new student in "H. H. S.". She has been enrolled as a commercial student. "Welcome Alma! and may you spend many happy days among us."

Also we have with us every afternoon Miss Bernice Ayers from Petaluma who is taking a private course under Mr. Hinchey. She is also very welcome in "H. H. S."

Clarice Ellis '14 has been absent several days on account of illness, but we are glad to note she is with us again.

Lewis Hotchkiss '15 has the measles:

"Hard Luck Lewis," but cheer up, you will soon be able to be with us again.

Also Frieda Goodwin '13 was ill for some days during the month, but is now able to resume her school duties again.

It is also with regret that we say Foreman Landers '15 has quit school.

Will York is working at Huntington's drug store and is only in school about two hours each day. Although he is with us only a portion of the time, still we are glad we have not lost him altogether.

Mary Levendusky is suffering from a cut on her eye. She was absent several days as a result, but is with us again.

Roalfe Karman '15 has been absent several days during the month.

Pearl Rowley, one of our ex "13s", visited with us one day last week. She is a guest at the home of Louise Doran.

During the past month we have received several short visits from Fannie Phillips '10. She has accepted a position as teacher at Stewarts Point. The best wishes of all go with Miss Phillips in her new work.





### RULES AND REGULATIONS

#### Freshmen

1. Little children should be seen and not heard.
2. Always step off the sidewalk to let a Junior pass.
3. Your desks are open to Juniors to use as waste baskets.
4. Never speak until you are spoken to.
5. Never write notes or talk during roll-call.
6. Don't bring milk, mugs, or cups to school. Dolphy has a good supply on hand.
7. Don't wear red and white ties, socks, etc., as they are sacred to the Junior class.
8. Don't "cut" from school.
9. Obey the Juniors.
10. Always invite the Juniors to your parties.

Laugh and the teachers laugh with you  
 Laugh again and you laugh alone,  
 The first case is the teacher's joke,  
 The second when the joke's your own.

—Ex.

Friend—"You have made your bed, and you will have to lie in it."

Defendant—"Not if I can lie out of it."

Mr. Bull (Physics III) "Why that's easy enough; the cylinder is a centimeter square, isn't it?"

First Appendicitis Victim—"Did you attend the doctor's dinner?"

Second Victim—"No; I couldn't eat a mouthful after seeing him carve."

### Latest Songs

"My Baby Rose" with the orchestra.  
 "Alexander's Ragtime Band" in a flat.  
 "Casey Jones" without accompaniment.  
 "The Oceania Roll" for 50 cents.  
 "When I'm Alone, I'm Lonesome" for a middle voice.

Miss J. (Hist. III) "What was the Uniformity Act?"

L. D. '13 (at the top of her voice)  
 "MINISTERS!"

Miss J.—"Henry, go home!"

H. C. '13—"I haven't any home."

Miss J.—"Well, where do you stay?"

H. C.—"Wherever I hang my hat." (H. C. hangs his hat.)

Freshie—"What's the electrician doing at the school house, Dolphy?"

Dolphy—"Puttin' in a 'lectric switch."

Freshie—"Well! If they's goin' ter do the lickin' by 'lectricity, I quit."

Dolphy—"Hey, Freshies, if you'll saw some wood, I'll tell you what I'll do."

Freshies—"What's that?"

Dolphy—"I'll let you have the sawdust to play circus with."

And the band played "Uncle Orie."

Madge—"Why does she own up, at last, that they are in love?"

Mariorie—"She had to. They sat on the sand yesterday, and never noticed the tide coming in until they were drenched."



## Current Events

### SENIOR CLASS

H. E. and Z. R. are still at war.

W. B. received the following as birthday presents; hair tonic, button hook, and mustard plaster. He is putting them to use

D. J. '12 has returned from his voyage to Chiquita. There he received guests at 23 Windsor Hotel. He says he had a fine time. —no fooling.

### FRESHMEN CLASS

One of the Freshies is a regular walking candy store. See W. R. '15.

J. T. '15 lost a "diamond" pin which L. B. '13 has found.

L. Mothorn gave an exhibition in high-kicking a short time ago. It was a success.

B. W.'s "pomp" is growing vigorously.

### SOPHOMORE CLASS

Teo has lost his "goat" and a reward is offered for his return. (Reward, gum.)

Ask F. D. '14 why they do not get an alarm clock and cackle early, and not "ca'klate."

A certain red cow has a longing for A. S '13 for she is always calling "Sma-a-al!"

E. H. '13 has received a divorce on grounds of cruelty.

E. P. '13 has lost the use of one of her curls.

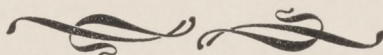
The Physics class is as bright as ever.

J. M. '13 has found a brand new dime. Owner can have same by proving property.

Duchess de la Flewelling has issued a novel on "Matrimony."

M. P. '13 has purchased a "Rowland Model" biplane.

L. B. '13 is engaged as mechanic.



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Please send the order including bill, by express. Hoping to give you another order soon, I remain,

Yours respectfully

J. Q. WANDERPOLE OSKENWHACK  
per Robert Plasburg



Mr. Einstein—"Aby, dot vos a most pee-ootiful stone vot you have. Where did you get him."

Mr. Goldstein (who wore a large diamond pin in his shirt)—"My brother, Ikey, died and he directed \$1,000 of his estate to me to be expended for a suitable stone for his memory."

Einstein—"Vell?"

Goldstein—"Vell, die vas der suitable stone."

Miss J. (seeing Ora looking very sober)—"What's the matter Ora?"

O. M. '13—"Hard luck in the family."

Miss J.—"How is that?"

O. M.—"The calves got out and drank up the morning milk."

Heard in the Hall. (L. B. '13 to E. H. '13)  
"Yes dearie, it's the same old chestnut I have always wanted to crack." (Of course, we know what he meant.)

Father—"It's nearly midnight and Anna's young man hasn't gone home yet."

Willie (in next room)—"He can't papa; sister's sittin' on him."

"The sun never set on England's possessions," said the Englishman proudly.

"No", said the Irishman, "the good Lord is afraid to trust her in the dark." Ex.

R. I '13. (Eng. III) "The Vicar had six children, two boys and two girls." (laugh from class) "His eldest son was named George. Next were the two girls, Oliva and Sophia." (pause)  
O. M. '13—"Oh, she has forgot Moses."

Can January and February March? No, but April May.

If June is truthful, would July?

Bashful Freshie—"Yo-yo-you're the b-b-breath of my l-l-life."

Soph Girl—"Well, why don't you hold your breath for a while?"

(Heard in Eng. III) E. H. '13—"Well, he was the son of a-a-aminister."

Freshie—"Hello Junior. I hear you've been sick. Was it very bad?"

Junior—"Awful! I wasn't sick enough to stay home from school."

Mary loved a lad, Mike,

Father said it was not right,

But love was their commander.

They eloped one starry night.

When her father, who objected,

Asked her why she took the flight,

Mary slow and demurely answered,

"For-the-love-of-Mike".

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## An Easter Lily

On the edge of one of the sidewalks of a large city lay a flower, an Easter lily, of marvelous beauty. It was nearly Easter time. Crowds of people were passing heedlessly by avoiding stepping on it, 'tis true, but no one of them apparently having time or desire to stop and pick it up. It seemed certain that eventually some one would unthinkingly step upon and crush the frail flower.

The lily was already beginning to droop from the heat when a small news boy, darted through the crowd, seized the flower, and carried it away. Soon it was time for him to go home so, carrying the flower gently in one hand, he hurried down one of narrow, short streets that are inhabited by the very poor.

Joe had never been to the real country and he did not know what wild flowers are. He had seen tame flowers but not long enough to get any more than a passing glimpse. So the thought of possessing this beautiful thing pleased him, but poor child, in spite of his youth, he was so extremely practical, that he did not know what to do with it. "Mother will know," he said to himself for his mother had at one time lived in the country and used often to tell her children about it.

Up the dark stairs stairs of his home he stumbled into the little room where his sick mother lay. A moment later one of Joe's sisters returned from her work and lighted the tiny lamps. Then the mother saw the lily for the first time.

"Mother," said Joe, as he sat on the edge of

what served her as a bed, "I found this flower on the street today and I thought—" here he paused dreading the result of his next words, "that I might bring it to the church and leave it there. Maybe if I did, God might make you well." Then confused with the childishness of his thought he blurted out, "of course He mightn't you know, but I'd like to anyway."

The mother smiled to herself but in the dim light Joe thought it was only the shadows that caused the change. For a long time there was silence, for Joe's mother was thinking of her comfortable home, the death of her husband, loss of their money, and then of the last miserable years. Joe had been but two years old at the time of the loss of their fortune.

Joe's mother was speaking. "That is a happy thought dear," she said. "Put the lily in water now and tomorrow bring it to the cathedral if you can. You know it will be Easter Sunday."

The next day it so happened that as Katherine Marley was leaving the cathedral she met a little boy going in, carrying a beautiful lily in his hand. Wondering where such a gamin as his clothes proclaimed him to be, could get such an exquisite flower, she turned at the door and watched him lay it reverently on one of the side altars.

As soon as the two left the church, Miss Marley questioned him and heard the whole story. She was the daughter of an old friend of Joe's mother so, needless to say, the whole family were soon brought back to their old home and lived happily ever after. L. D. '13





## The Result of an Easter Sermon

Mrs. Gray lived in a large, white house on the hill with only her servants as companions. Her husband had died several years before but she had been consoled with the companionship of her baby. During that terrible disaster of 1906 her home was partially destroyed, and when she asked for the boy he was missing. It was generally supposed that he had perished in the house, but when his body could not be found it was supposed that he had been stolen or had wandered away. Large rewards were offered but to no avail.

Mrs. Gray now secluded herself in her home and would talk to no one but her servants; at the church she attended the pastor had placed her name on one of the Easter committees, thinking that it would be something to divert her mind from her great sorrow. When she was informed of this she politely told him Easter meant nothing to her now except bitter and sad memories and that she no longer took part in the festivities. Sad and disheartened, her pastor turned away, wondering if there was not something which would make life happy again for this wealthy lady.

As Mrs. Gray stepped from her carriage and prepared to enter the church door, she noticed a poor little, ragged beggar boy begging for money from those hurrying to the Easter services. Her heart was touched and she longed to speak to him, but when she thought of her own child and how he had been taken and this beggar boy left it seemed an injustice. The anthems were un-

usually beautiful that bright Easter morning, but Mrs. Gray did not hear them for she was still thinking of the little waif outside. Something seemed to whisper to her, "what if that was Herbert?" The minister took as his text Matt-25:45- "Even as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto me." Mrs. Gray felt this message was sent to her and she listened as she had never before. When the service was over she hastened from the church, fearful lest the boy would be gone, but he was in her own carriage asleep. Kindhearted James the footman, had seen him and felt sorry for him so he had asked the boy to come and sit in the carriage until the service was over. Cautioning the driver to drive as quickly as possible, they went quietly to her home. There the boy was carried up to her own boy's room, which remained just as it was before her little son was taken away, and laid on the bed.

When he awoke she had his dinner brought to the room and while he ate she read to him. As soon as he had finished she began to question him about his home. He told her his only home was in a garret where he lived with an old gypsy lady. This gypsy, he said had told he was a wealthy woman's son who had been stolen by the gypsies in the earthquake. With a cry of joy Mrs. Gray gathered him into her arms for she knew he was her lost son. Instead of Easter being a time to be dreaded it was now a time of rejoicing and always will be to Mrs. Gray and her son.

*Frieda Goodwin '13.*





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Still not satisfied, Dignity was added  
Which brought forth the respected Senior.

Oh hark! Oh hark!  
Who is this Clark?  
That spreads the "stuff"  
'Till they "holler" nuff.  
But the "salve" galore  
Continues forevermore.

He—"I kissed her on the forehead and got a  
bang in my mouth."

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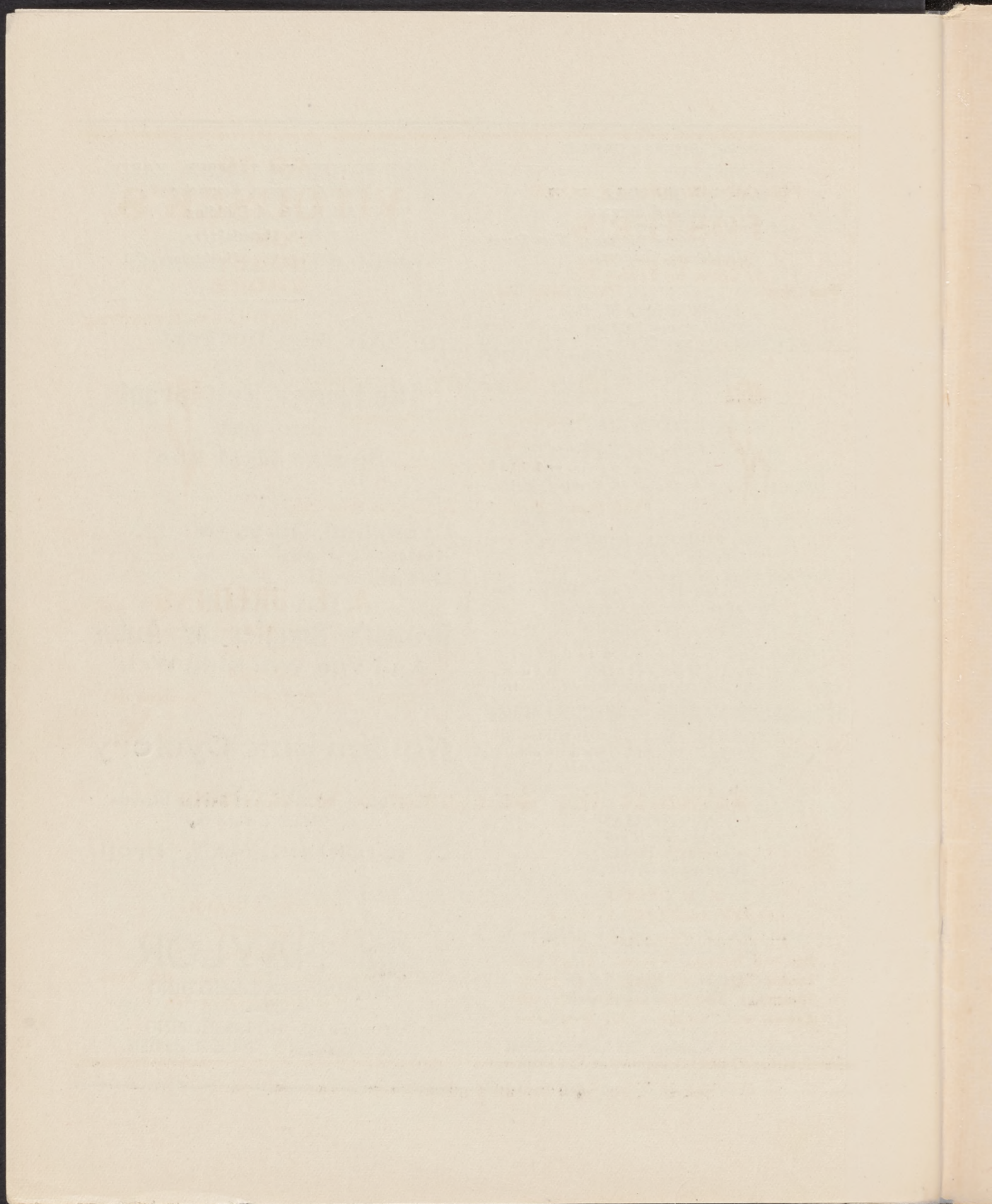
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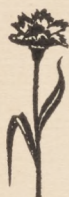
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